THE

CARSHALTONIAD;

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD.

SHEWING,

How a loving Company went out Six Miles to Dinner, and did not get Home again so soon as they intended.

BY EPHRAIM GILPIN,

FIRST COUSIN to JOHN GILPIN,

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HISTORICAL BALLAD.

'TWAS on a day of feſtal mirth,
As hiſtories do tell,
(And hiſtories that make us laugh,
We all love, paſſing well.)

Four merry Blades from EPSOM went,
At CARSHALTON to dine,
To eat the honeſt Rector's meat,
And eke to drink his wine.

The firſt, a worthy Baronet,
As hiſtory doth ſay,
Who dreaded coaches in the night,
But fearleſs rode by day.

The next, as fame doth tell us, was
A 'Squire of high degree,
For being Juſtice of the Peace,
Right Worſhipful was he.

An honeſt Tar we'll name the next,
As true as ever ſpoke,
Welch was his blood, his lungs were braſs,
His heart was Engliſh oak.

Tho' laſt, not leaſt, upon record,
We find another plac'd,
Who, with blythe jeſt, and jocund mirth,
Each ſocial meeting grac'd.——

Off ſet the coach—the nimble ſteeds
Obey'd the poſt-boy's crack,
And we ſhall find they thither went,
Faſter than they came back.

Then

Then 'lighting from their vehicle,
Their waiting Hoſt they found;
And many an hearty *How d'ye do?*
And ſhaking hands went round.

The hoſpitable treat ſoon ſhew'd
The bounty of their Hoſt,
For, to receive his friendly gueſts,
He ſpar'd not pains nor coſt.

" Good cheer" quoth they—" Welcome,
" I'm glad to ſee you all" [quoth he,
And ſtraightway, for to drink their healths,
He for a glaſs did call.

They pledg'd him ſtrait, and thus the wine,
And ſocial chat, went round,
'Till, heedleſs how the hours had paſs'd,
The clock at *Nine* was found.

Their vehicle, as order'd, came,
It was a coach and pair,
Which they propos'd ſhou'd carry 'em back,
As it had brought them there.

Unto their Hoſt they bad—"good night"—
"Good night--good night"--quoth he,
"And when you'll viſit me again,
"Right merry we will be."

The gloomy night was dark as pitch,
No ſign of ſtars or moon,
And none had they to guide their way,
But * BRACEBRIDGE's Garſoon.

A wight he was of ſtature ſmall,
Be-booted and be-ſpurr'd,
So that almoſt a wooden horſe
This doughty lad had ſtirr'd.

Away they rumbled from the door,
Soon thinking to get home,
But never thinking that there was
A ſad delay to come.

Alas!

* The Maſter of the Spread-Eagle Inn, at EPSOM.

Alas! misfortune will await
Each mortal that is born,
So did our heroes find there was
No * Rose without a thorn.

They reach'd the river's edge, and in
Full joyously they drove,
'Till, in the midst, they found the coach
Did neither stir, nor move.

"Oho, quoth they, we are set fast,"
But why they could not think——
They thought they'd hit upon't at last——
"The horses stopp'd to drink."

But when they heard the Garsoon's whip
Full loud and often crack,
And found th' immoveable machine
Went neither on nor back.

Sadly

* Alluding to the Rector's Name.

Sadly alarm'd, they cry'd aloud,
Some ſpeedy courſe to take;
The river's banks reſounded with
The coil that they did make.

Some curs'd the darkneſs of the night,
And total want of moon,
Some the bad horſes, ſome the coach,
But all the poor Garſoon.

Then, ſportſman-like, the 'Squire call'd out,
"The hounds are at a check!
"Come—turn your horſes' heads, and try
"If we can't hit her back."——

The jolly Tar thruſt out his head,
And roared forth amain——
"Hoy! hoy!—we have dropp'd anchor here,
"Come—weigh it up again.

"Hawl up the main-ſail—hoiſt the *Fib*—
"And let us get her off,"—
"Ah, quoth Tom Pun, & ſcratch'd his ears,
"I think we've *Fib* enough!"

"Hawl

" Hawl the jib-ſheet to windward-ho!
" And caſt her head to *port*"—
" We've caſt our heads to *port* too long,
(Quoth Tom) I'm ſorry for't."——

" Had we but left our Landlord's *port*
" Before it was ſo dark,
" Full ſure we had not miſs'd our way"—
" Right—Right"——replies Sir Mark.

" Or had I truſted to my legs,
" Inſtead of jibbing horſes,
" I'd nearly been at home—e'er now"——
Quoth Tar—hawl up your courſes!—

" Up with her anchor my brave boys!"—
" With all my heart, quoth Tom,
" But then let that ſame *anchor* be,
" Of brandy or of rum."

Mean while the Village was diſturb'd,
Each houſe a lanthorn ſent,
The candles blaz'd, like to the ſtars
All in the firmament.

The

The people throng'd upon the banks,
And knew not what to think,
Whether ſome mad-men had broke forth,
Or only folks in drink.

They doubted what their numbers were,
'Till Tom was heard to roar—
"Houſe ho!—Hola!—you fellow there—
"Cork-jackets bring for *four*."

Haply in all their diſmal plight,
As lucky chance thought good,
A Garſoon, with two freſh poſt-nags,
Came ſplaſhing thro' the flood.

Right ſoon he join'd his cattle on
To the poor coach's pole,
And thus, by dint of well-tim'd help,
They dragg'd her from her hole.

Still up the ſteepy bank they tugg'd,
With all their might and main,
And brought the Jibbers, coach, and crew,
Once on dry land again.

The

The heroes thank'd their helpers kind,
Poſt-boy and horſes too,
Who, going on, their deſtin'd job,
Had nothing more to do.

A council then was called ſtrait,
All at the Greyhound door,
Whether with Jibs they ſhould proceed,
Or get two horſes more.——

" A plague upon your equipage,——
" I'll from the carriage get,
" And on my legs, quoth Knight, I'll trot,
" They never fail'd me yet."

With this, he leaped from the coach,
As though he'd go away,
Until a thought came in his head,
That he as well might ſtay.

For he knew an experiment,
Which he reſolv'd to try;
'Twas known to cure a reſtive horſe,
And make him forward fly.

" Get

" Get me a pebble, quoth the Knight,
" And eke ſome packthread ſtrong,
" I'll ſhew you how theſe jibbing jades
" Will bolt, e'er it be long."

A pebble to him ſtrait was brought,
Alſo a packthread ſtring,
When he, in hope of ſure ſucceſs,
Rejoic'd like any thing.

He put the ſtone in Dobbin's ear,
And bound it in full tight,
Then up he got into the coach,
Prepar'd for ſudden flight.

" For why, quoth he, when once the ſtone,
" Within the ear doth rattle,
" You'll ſee, with one, they'll both ſet off,
" Like any other cattle."

" Well done, quoth Tom, this better is
" Than walking in the dark:
" I'm glad that you do ſtay with us,
" Or we had miſs'd *our Mark*."

" Hold,

" Hold, quoth the 'Squire, it now grows late,
" Let's have a ſupper lunch——
" Here! Landlord!—bring ſome prog to eat,
" And get a bowl of punch."

Swift as his *Sign* the landlord flew,
As ſwift the treat was brought;
The prog was eat—the punch drunk up,
And all as quick as thought.

Thus, thinking all was ſafe without,
And roſin'd well within,
They made the ſignal to depart,
And daſh through thick and thin.

Jack gave a click, and ſmack'd his whip,
The nags ſet off at ſcore;
And ran, as if the Deuce did drive,
Some twenty yards and more.

The loving company rejoic'd,
That they did ſtart ſo bold,
But, like to many other things,
It was too hot to hold.——

For,

For, on a ſudden, ſtop they did,
As they had ſtopp'd before,
And both the horſes ſtood dead-ſtill,
As if they'd move no more.

Another council ſtrait was call'd,
What it was beſt to do,
At laſt, they with one voice reſolv'd,
That *four* was more than *two*.

That if two horſes more were got,
To this ſame pair to tether,
Theſe would not ſtop, while t'other went,
They all muſt go together.

So ſaid—ſo done—back to the Inn,
They for two horſes ſent—
The ſteeds were harneſs'd, and appear'd,
To all their hearts content.

On they were tether'd to the jades,
That had plagu'd them ſo ſore;—
But then the loving company
Debated one thing more.

Albeit they'd two more horſes got,
They yet did think it right,
To guard againſt a like miſchance,
Which might befall that night.

Quoth they—"we ſtill a jib may find,
"Burnt children dread the fire,
"But we the darkneſs of the ſky,
"And eke the mud and mire.

"If we're at laſt conſtrain'd to walk,
"How ſhall we pick our way?
"Let us remember 'twill be dark,
"Some hours before the day.

"Then leſt theſe horſes too ſhould jib,
"And be our ſad reproach,
"Let us a lanthorn take within,
"'Twill *lighten* much the coach."

This was agreed—they ſtarted freſh—
Their work was quickly done,——
For why—they'd horſes four, and two
Garſoons inſtead of one.

At

At what a rate they ſcour'd along,
And made the puddles flee,
Thro' lanes, up hills, without a ſtop!
Moſt pleaſant 'twas to ſee.

Long had the brazen tongue of night,
Within the church's tow'r,
Throughout fair EPSOM's peaceful town,
Proclaim'd the midnight hour.

When ratt'ling thro' the quiet ſtreet,
The noiſy carriage comes,
And ceas'd not, 'till the heroes all
Found out their ſev'ral homes.

Thus ended this auſpicious day,
With all its mirth and glee,——
If ſuch a treat ſhould come again—
"May I be there to ſee!"

THE END.